

# The Evening World.

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## OPEN—FOR AUTOMOBILES.



THE QUEENSBORO BRIDGE was opened yesterday. It has cost so far some \$20,000,000, much more than the estimates. For part of the excess the change in the plans in the contractors' favor are responsible. A few thousand tons of tracks, paving and other heavy materials which were paid for had to be taken off the bridge, as otherwise it might have collapsed.

The earliest estimate for a bridge across the East River with a pier on Blackwell's Island was \$800,000. On the present bridge more than twenty times that much have been expended.

And for what? Yesterday Mayor McClellan motored across the bridge. William S. Devery, "the best Chief of Police New York ever had," says that he anticipated the Mayor and crossed the bridge earlier in the day in his automobile.

For the owners of and riders in automobiles the new Queensboro Bridge is a great convenience. It connects the upper part of Manhattan Island with the Long Island boulevards. When the new Riverside-Fort Washington automobile speedway is completed at a public expense of four or five million dollars more there will be only a few blocks of rough stone pavement to cover in a ride from the upper end of Manhattan Island to the automobile speedway on Long Island.

Incidentally the Queensboro Bridge has four trolley tracks, two elevated railroad tracks and two promenades.



The trolley tracks begin nowhere and end nowhere. The elevated railroad tracks connect with nothing. If there were any cars they would have no place to go except to and fro like shuttles.

For anybody who desires to walk to Queens County the new bridge offers every advantage.

The man who buys a cottage ten or twelve miles out, by piecing together trolley rides, a walk over the bridge, a walk from the bridge to the elevated or subway and another fare, can get to and from his work a little more speedily than if he lived in Trenton.

After some years, when the Williamsburg Bridge carries through passengers, when the downtown subway connection is built, when the Steinway tunnel tangle is adjusted and a few other things have been done, some of the ordinary citizens of New York whose taxes and credit have paid for the construction of this bridge may get some advantage of it.

In the meantime it is open—for automobiles.

## Letters From the People

### As to Farmer's Chances.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
As to the inquiry "Does Farming Pay?" and regarding farms within fifty miles of New York City I would say that good poultry and fruit farms, with stock and tools, can often be purchased in New Jersey. Owners usually require half cash in advance, which for a farm resting a comfortable living would be from \$200 up, the total cost often being from about \$1,000 to \$1,500.

WM. SMITH.

### "Look After the Teacher."

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Reading so often of mothers wanting advice about unruly boys, I would say this: "Look after the teacher." She may be unruly. When my grandchild went to public school he had so many complaints all the time, and he got so he would not go to school and was unruly at home. On advice of a friend we put him in a good private school, and today he is interested in his studies and

gets the roll of honor and stands No. 1 in his class.

In less than a year he got from 5 A to 7 B grade, and to-day we have no complaints whatsoever and no trouble with him at home either. A good teacher makes a good scholar, but an unruly teacher makes an unruly scholar.

GRANDDAD.

### A License is Required.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
If a Brooklyn couple get married in New Jersey is a license needed?

L. L. JAMAICA, L. I.

Yes. Unless one or both of the persons to be married are residents of New Jersey a license is required.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Was Gen. U. S. Grant at the time of the civil war a West Point graduate?

E. G. BENT.

702,247 (Census of 1901).

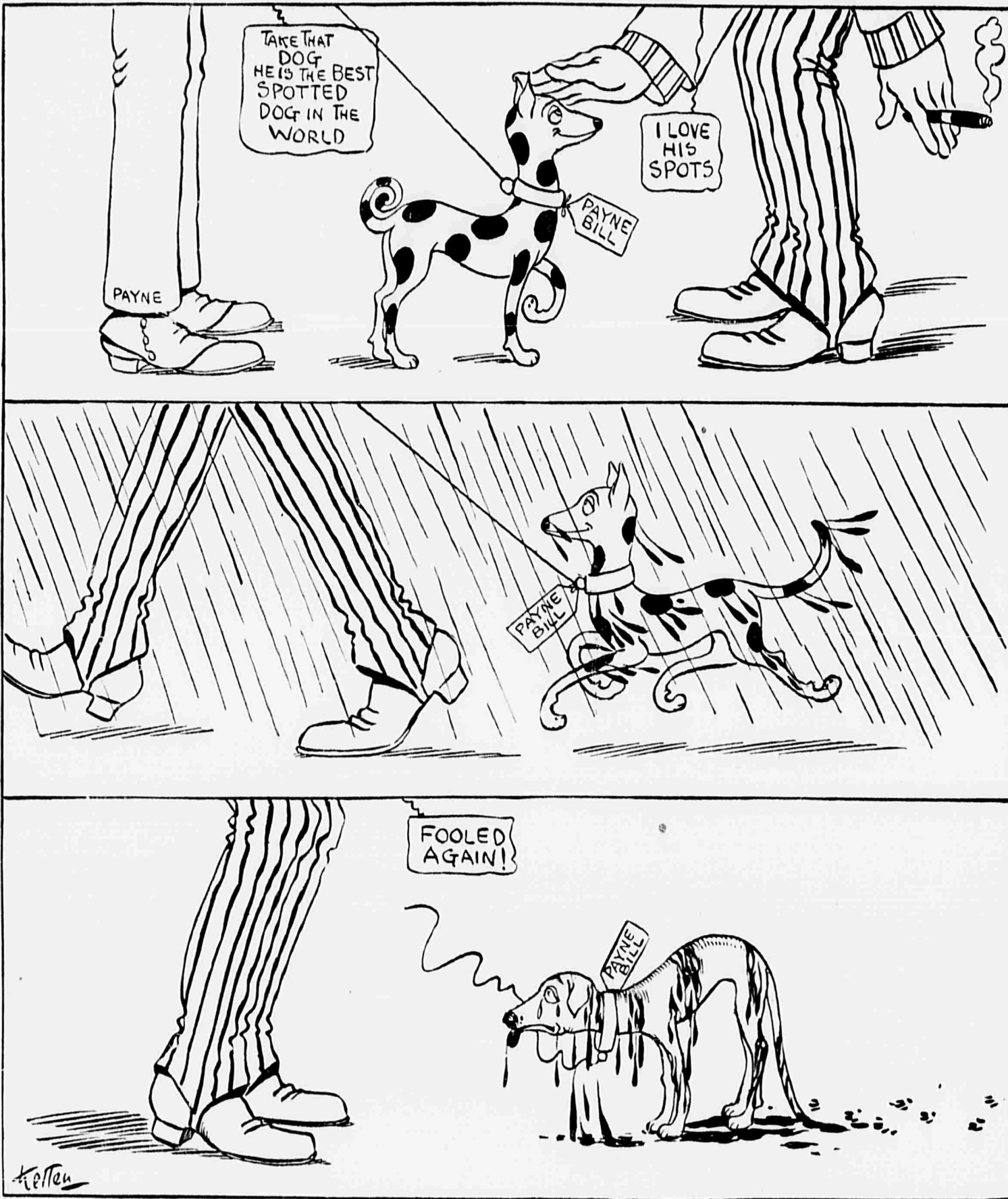
To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the present population of Liverpool, England, approximately?

ERNEST MAUER.

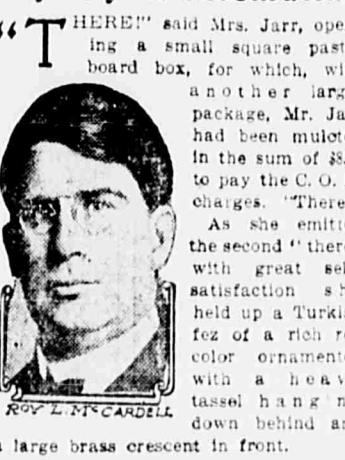
## Payne Bill.

By Maurice Ketten.



## Mrs. Jarr Buys a Turkish Gown and Fez for Mr. Jarr; at Sight of Which Jarr Dashes Off for Gus's Saloon.

By Roy L. McCardell.



"HERE!" said Mrs. Jarr, opening a small square paste-board box, for which, with another larger package, Mr. Jarr had been mugged in the sum of \$3.50 to pay the C. O. D. charges. "There!" As she emitted the second "there" with great self-satisfaction she held up a Turkish fez of a rich red color ornamented with a heavy tasseled hanging down behind and a large brass crescent in front.

"Going to a masquerade ball?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Masquerade ball?" repeated Mrs. Jarr. "What nonsense you talk! This is a smoking cap. Isn't it lovely? It is genuine imported, and there was a special sale of them, reduced from \$4."

"To how much?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Never you mind!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But isn't it artistic. Artists and such people wear them."

"Going to learn to smoke?"

"That's right, start to make fun of me!" said Mrs. Jarr, her eyes filling with tears. "I take my money that I need to buy things for myself and the children and the house, and get something to please you, and all the thanks I get are that you sneer at me!"

"Great Scott, woman! That isn't for me, is it?" cried Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, it is!" said Mrs. Jarr with a sob. "And now I'll have to send it back, only they do not exchange those greatly reduced things!"

"Oh, all right, my dear."

"And the other thing was for you," sobbed Mrs. Jarr. "But never mind, I can give it to some poor family!"

As she said the words she opened the other package and disclosed a startling bath robe sort of garment of some silk-like cloth.

It was of dark red color with a design of yellow squashes and green triangles on it, the fearful and wonder pattern and colors fully supposed to be "oriental."

Mr. Jarr had meant to be kind and patient, but this was too much. "Am I to wear this wizard's Mother Hubbard, too?" he gasped.

"It is a Turkish gown that goes with the fez!" sobbed Mrs. Jarr.

"You are always telling me I do nothing for you, and I thought it would please you to have artistic house things."

"But suppose anybody saw me in them?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"You need not tell them your wife took the little money she had saved and scraped to get shoes for herself and bought these things for you instead, if you are offended because I am unselfish and think of others first!" sobbed Mrs. Jarr.

"You didn't pay for them, I paid for them!" said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, yes, that's right! Twit me with the fact that I am dependent on you!"

"I tell you what," said Mr. Jarr. "I can support my children, we will never ask you for another penny! I can pack my things, I can go!"

"I can go without packing!" shouted Mr. Jarr, and he made for the door and slammed it behind him.

In Gus's place he met his friend Rangle, who was also a man temporarily banished from home. And then, ladies, those two wretches began to almost enjoy themselves, playing cards and drinking, alas, to excess.

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## Fifty Historical Mysteries

By Albert Payson Terhune

### NO. 17—THE CURSE OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

WHEN a certain red-faced, red-haired, red-bearded man galloped along the English roads in the last part of the eleventh century the peasants secretly crossed themselves and muttered prayers under their breath.

This horseman was William II, King of England, known as "Rufus" and as "the Red King." Nor were the florid face and fiery hair his sole claims to the title of "Red," for Rufus was a man of bloody deeds. The curse of God was believed to hang over him. Rufus himself laughed at this curse, but the common people, who hated and feared him, believed in it. And their belief was one day to be justified.

England had been snatched from its rude Saxon masters by a Norman duke, William, who invaded the island in 1066, beat down all opposition and won for himself the title of "Conqueror," and reigned as King William I. He parcelled up much of the conquered kingdom among his Norman nobles, crushed the liberties of the Saxons and ruled with a hand of iron.

William loved hunting. To gratify his taste he set apart for himself a huge deer park 141 square miles in area, which he called the "New Forest." In order to secure this park he and his son, William Rufus, destroyed all towns, villages and farms that stood within the limits of the proposed "Forest," and thus drove hundreds of poor people out of homes to beg or starve. For this outrage a solemn and terrible curse was invoked by one sufferer upon both father and son.

The malediction's results, so far as the Conqueror was concerned, were not long delayed. His days were spent in strife, his favorite son, Richard, died and he himself was killed by a fall from his horse at a time when he was on the very eve of fresh conquests. The English crown, by right of succession, should have gone to the Conqueror's elder son, Robert. But Rufus hurried to England, seized the throne and made good his claim to it by trickery and sheer force of arms. Then to raise money he oppressed the people. To strengthen his own power he increased the tyrannies his father had practised. He insulted the clergy, plundered the Church estates, committed sacrilege, scoffed at the Pope, duped his own brother into parting with the last shreds of territory and in a score of other ways made himself abhorred.

So vile was his life that it was openly stated he had sold his soul to the devil. Fearless and danger-loving, he bore out this superstition by his very recklessness. Once, for instance, he embarked in a small boat to cross the English Channel in the teeth of a furious gale. When his trembling courtiers begged him to turn back Rufus cried jeeringly:

"Kings cannot drown!"

He built London Bridge and completed the famous Tower of London and Westminster Hall during his stormy reign. That is about all his real service to posterity.

An ancient writer thus sums up the Red King's character: "All things that displeased God pleased him, and all things that God loves he hated deadly. On recovering from a sickness he swore that 'God should never have any good in him for all the evil he had brought upon him.' From that time he succeeded in all he undertook or wished for. The very land and sea seemed to serve his will, as if God would leave him without excuse by granting all he wished."